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Vol. II.

#### A PARODY

BY LOU.

Tell me, ye winged winds,  
That round my pathway roar,  
Do ye not know some spot,  
Where dandies come no more?  
Some sweet and pleasant spot,  
With bushes green and good,  
Where coats were never seen,  
And boots have never trod?  
The loud winds blew more soft and low,  
And gently murmured, "Maiden no."

Tell me, thou mighty deep,  
Whose billows round me roll,  
Know'st thou some favored spot  
Beyond a man's control.  
Where the girls are kind,  
The bliss for which they sigh?  
Where lovers never tease,  
And beaux are never nigh?  
The waves a moment ceased to flow,  
And in their sorrow, whispered, "No."

And thou, oh gentle moon,  
Though mar'd by man's grim face,  
Which look'st upon the earth,  
By love's soft glow inclosed,  
Tell me, if in thy room,  
Some spot thou dost not know,  
Where whiskers are not found,  
And a mustache will not grow?  
The face within the moon was hid,  
And moon sighed, "No—but wish I did."

Tell me my secret soul,  
Oh, tell me, Hope and Faith,  
Is there no rest, no earthly joy  
From dangers, woes and death,  
Where we poor girls can find  
A happy, quiet home,  
To live and drink in peace,  
And boys shall never come?  
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to girls e'er  
given,  
Made earth resound with joyful shout—"Oh, yes,  
in heaven."

#### Bessie Raynor: THE FACTORY GIRL.

A TALE OF THE LAWRENCE LOOMS.

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER,  
AUTHOR OF "COLLEGE RIVALS," "MASKED MINER,"  
"FIFTY THOUSAND REWARD," "THE MISSING  
FINGER," ETC., ETC.

#### CHAPTER IV.

A FLASH OF LIGHTNING.

It was a terrible fire which gleamed from Black Phil's eyes, and a fearful scowl which darkened his brow, as he strode toward the woman, who now as if driven to desperation boldly confronted him. His large fingers gripped the handle of his knife so hard, that the hot blood on the surface was forced away, leaving them cold and unnaturally white.

But he paused ere he reached her, though the stern, wicked look did not pass from his face.

"You brave me, Nancy Hurd!" he muttered, between his teeth, "and you threaten my life, and you threaten Bessie Raynor's life. You had better not been born, woman, than to have spoken the words you have just uttered! We have lived together long enough; the time has come when we must separate forever!"

As he spoke, he raised his knife aloft, and, by a sudden spring, darted toward her. The woman stooped and slipped away toward the other corner of the room.

"Phil! Walshe! Black Phil! are you crazy! Stand back, I say, or you'll come to grief! Stand—"

But the man sprang after her.

"No, Nancy; to-night we separate; and, for a change, you'll sleep in the Merrimac!" he hoarsely interrupted her. "But if you can handle a knife better than I can, do it; for now you have need!"

In an instant, unheeding the threatening attitude which the woman had assumed, he was before her—his left hand grasping out toward her neck.

At that moment, from the opposite direction, a knife blade raised high in the air, twinkled in the light. The blade, with a whirr and a whiz, descended.

A deep, smothered cry of rage broke from Black Phil's lips, as he reeled backward and clasped his arm tightly. One look, however, at the wounded limb satisfied him. It was a mere scratch—the knife having cut its way simply through the skin.

With a howl of rage, the man gathered himself for the contest, and dashed furiously at the woman. She again met his attack boldly, unflinchingly. But, nothing could withstand the fierceness of his onset.

Nancy Hurd's uplifted arm was beaten down, and the knife fell from her nerveless fingers. A moment and Black Phil, with a kick sent it spinning across the room. Then his brawny left hand had clutched her around the throat.

With a single effort he hurled her to the floor, and still grasping her by the throat, he raised his dirk menacingly above her.

Madly the strong woman struggled to free herself. She succeeded, by a powerful effort, in tearing his grasp away, and gasped:

"Oh! for pity's sake, spare me, Phil! I am not ready to die! I can't die now! Spare me, and I'll be your slave! I'll work on my knees for you and Bessie Raynor! Oh! spare—"

"Enough! You waste your breath, woman! The time has come; you die to-night—this hour, this minute, if there is virtue in cold steel!"

With these brutal words he clutched his knife afresh, and, without hesitating, drove it down.

But that knife was arrested, and in a singular manner—a providential manner.

A vivid, blinding flash glittered into the room, through the open window, lighting up the apartment in every nook and corner. The electric spark leaped to the highly-tem-



"He—he is dead!" she suddenly exclaimed, as she bent her face over to his, and gazed at his rigid, marble-like features.

perd blade, in Black Phil's hand, and darted into the man's system.

But the metal blade absorbed the greater portion of the charge, and as the handle was porous and a bad conductor, the man's life was saved.

Yet he staggered to his feet, blinded and stunned, and, reeling for a moment, fell heavily to the floor.

The bright blade of the dirk was melted down to the handle.

In an instant, after recovering from the shock, which she too had experienced, Nancy sprung to her feet. Groping around in the darkness, she found and relit the lamp, which had been extinguished. Then she hurriedly thrust the window-sash down, and turned toward the man, whom she loved and honored as her husband.

In a moment she was by his side, leaning over him. She tenderly chafed his temples, and rubbed his hands. Then she knelt down and drew him to her bosom, as if to force back, into his motionless figure, life and vigor.

"Oh! Phil! Phil!" she cried, "wake up and say that you live, that you are mine yet! Oh! Phil, I forgive you—I know that you were drunk and knew not what you were doing! Oh! God! can it be? He—he is dead!" she suddenly exclaimed, as she bent her face over to his, and gazed at his rigid, marble-like features.

She sprung to her feet and rushed from the room. In a moment she returned, bringing a bucket of water. Unhesitatingly she flung it in the face and on the head of the unconscious man.

The effect was magical.

A sudden violent tremor shook Black Phil's brawny frame; in an instant a flash of color leaped into his dark face; the stalwart limbs contracted, and, all at once, the man sat up and rubbed his legs.

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pered blade, in Black Phil's hand, and darted into the man's system.

"To attend to business, which is—my own," was the curt reply.

"Business! Yes, and I'll be bound, with old Arthur Ames!" 'Tis a strange matter to me, Phil, that one so low in society as you, could have such a visitor, and could visit such a rich gentleman as Arthur Ames, the banker.

The woman peered curiously at him, as she uttered these words in a low, distinct voice.

The man started slightly; but, as a hoarse, half-triumphant laugh broke from his lips, he answered:

"This may be strange to you, Nancy; perhaps it is not to me. But bark you, my old girl," and he lowered his voice and spoke sternly, as an anxious frown blackened his dark face, "whenever Arthur Ames comes here, and is with me in this room, it would be wisdom in you to keep your ear from the key-hole there, and, as far away as possible."

"I understand you, Phil," replied the woman, promptly.

"Now, I am going. I'll be back some time before day. If Arthur Ames comes after I am gone, tell him I waited for him, and that I have gone to hunt him up. He'll understand."

He turned abruptly, and striding toward the door, at the further end of the cabin, opened it, and strode out into the dark night.

Nancy Hurd did not move for several moments after Black Phil had gone. She stood gazing at the door through which he had disappeared, gazing at the melted knife-blade—the blade which had been raised against her life—and a dark frown gradually grew into her face.

"I love you, Phil Walshe," she muttered, in a low voice; "but I can hate, too! And—yes—I solemnly swear again, that before Bessie Raynor shall be your wife, I'll drive a knife into her heart! Ay! a thousand times will I do it! And you are hoarding money, are you? To run away and live with the pale-faced factory-girl! Never, so help me God! And you bleed old Ames? Shall I ever know it?"

Black Phil, creeping as far as possible from the river, was soon in the road. He hurried along rapidly. "Yes," he muttered, as he rapidly drew near the bridge, and as though a sudden thought had flashed over him, "it's all in my way. They say the old man is bad—paralyzed, or something like it. When he is out of the way I'll work for Bessie harder than ever. Whew! how dark it is! And how loud the dam is!"

He hurried on, reached the bridge, and crossed. He paused as, at last, he stood at the further terminus, and gazed for a moment around him. Then he turned abruptly, and hurried up the small dingy street,

on which, some squares away, stood the humble home of old Silas Raynor.

"I can go through by an alley to Essex, thence into Lawrence, and will lose nothing by getting a look at the pretty-faced, mild-eyed Bessie!"

The wind was rising moment by moment, and now it sang a wild, shrill cadence around the rickety roofs of the narrow way. Occasionally a broad, rapidly flashing sheet of lightning burned out from the black vault above, lighting up the little city of Lawrence as by a million gas lamps.

Suddenly he paused.

Before him, not twenty yards away, was the home of old Silas Raynor, the sea-captain.

A dim light was burning in a room on the ground-floor. That room opened into the little yard.

But Black Phil did not pause, because he was near the house where Bessie lived; nor was it because there was a dim light in the ground-floor room.

"Curse him! What the deuce does he mean?" he muttered. "He is always in my way! Some day he'll get out of it, that's all."

With these words he once more strode on. A few moments, and he paused before the alley-way leading into the side yard. He stopped only for a moment. Then he cautiously entered.

He was soon in the yard. He glanced around him. He could see nothing save the wind moaning and groaning loudly through the branches of the old tree above him. Then he drew near the window, from which the faint light flickered and flashed.

The window was up.

He fairly held his breath, as, at last, he stood by the low easement, and peered in.

He saw every thing. Bessie leaning over the bed, the old sailor, her father, lying upon it, talking to his child, the plain furniture, the few comforts—all.

At that moment another blinding flash came, and another rushing bolt rent the air.

It was then that Bessie Raynor and her father instinctively turned their startled gaze toward the window, and saw the dark face there.

Black Phil fairly reeled under the concussion, and tottered away. He knew that he had been seen, for he heard the wild exclamation of terror break from Bessie's lips.

Scarcely had he entered the shadow of the building, when he paused; for, at that moment, the door of the private entrance suddenly opened, and a man came forth.

The light across the street shone over and lit up the pale, chagrined, distressed features of old Arthur Ames.

He started wildly as a hand, from the gloom, was suddenly stretched out and laid upon his shoulder.

"The very man I am looking for," said a voice.

"You—you, Black Phil! What do you want?" asked the banker, tremblingly.

doing, prowling here at this time of night?" asked the sudden comer, in a deep, half-menacing voice, as he resolutely barred the other's way.

Black Phil's first movement was to thrust his hand into his bosom. But as a quick, vivid recollection flashed over him, he dropped his hand, at the same time clenched it.

"I have as much right here as you, Lorin Gray," he retorted. "But, as I don't mind telling my business, I'll just say I saw a light, and called by to see how the old captain was."

"Ah! A strange way to learn—listening at the window! The door is in the front of the house!"

"You are meddlesome, Lorin Gray," was the answer. "Dare step between me and any scheme of mine, and you'll hear from me in a manner which will surprise you—that's all!"

"I seek no quarrel with you, Phil," was the reply; "but I laugh at any threat from you. Let me tell you, however, that I have my eye upon you, and if you do not cease your persecutions of Bessie Raynor, I'll find the means to make you."

"And who made you her champion?" retorted the other. "I had thought, my fine fellow, that, though mill-man as you are, you dared lift your eyes to the banker's daughter—to Minerva Ames, and—"

"Enough, fellow!" fiercely interrupted the other, striding toward Black Phil. "Be off, and do not tempt me to lay my hands upon you."

"I am going, Lorin Gray; but not at your bidding—mark that! I see I've touched a tender spot! Ha! ha!" And Black Phil strode away.

Lorin Gray stood for a moment and gazed after him in the darkness.

"And does such a scoundrel as that taunt me? I, who was born for better things! Minerva Ames! Do I love her? Do I indeed dare lift my eyes to her? I shudder at the question. And yet she—But poor Bessie! Heaven guide me!"

Black Phil strode on. Reaching a small cross-street, he turned into it. In ten minutes he stood in Essex street. Then, again resuming his way, he drew near the bank-house of Arlington & Ames.

Scarcely had he entered the shadow of the building, when he paused; for, at that moment, the door of the private entrance suddenly opened, and a man came forth.

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"Did you get my note?" continued the other.

"Yes, yes, Phil; business has kept me late. Call on me to-morrow night, at ten o'clock. Now, I'll go."

"All right, Mr. Ames; and I'll be there. But let me tell you something which, for all I know, may be news to you."

As he spoke, he leaned over and whispered a few words in the other's ear.

Arthur Ames started wildly, though he strove to conceal his emotion.

"With these words Black Phil turned abruptly about and walked away.

Arthur Ames, for a moment, stood musing. He had recovered from the shock which Phil's sudden appearance had occasioned, and now he bent his head in thought.

"Are all the fiends in torment opposed to me-night? Caught in the act, bound to a man of iron will, by an infernal oath which I can not break—bound to him with a pledge which gives my daughter's hand to him! Disgraced in an hour! In an hour? Oh, no, no! That has come to me long ago. Dogged by Black Phil, haunted by shadows, I am almost crazy!" Bessie said to herself.

"Would to Heaven she were, by any means soever, in my power! Then I could force her to listen to me. Ha! a bright thought! 'Tis not late. By Heaven! luck may be with me! I'll—"

Without finishing the sentence, he wheel-ed about, and walking rapidly, disappeared in a moment up the street.

The storm-cloud was now beginning to sprinkle its heavy shower, and the wind was roaring and moaning like weary souls in unrest.

We will return to the home of Bessie Raynor—to the death-chamber of her father.

"Black Phil! Black Phil, my child?" and a dark frown came to the old man's brow.

"Yes, father; I saw him distinctly! Oh, Heaven! how I fear that man!" and she covered away, as if she would faint again protection even from her dying father.

"The fellow is a villain, Bessie. I have known it for many years. And he has a hankering after you, the scoundrel! Nay, tremble not so, my child. We have law and order here in Lawrence, and you have friends, who will see that you are protected. Lorin Gray will!"

"There, there, father!" interrupted the girl, quickly, though the thrill which passed over her frame was delicious. The blush, too, which mantled her cheeks at the mention of Lorin Gray's name, was as red as the sunset sky.

"Do not speak of him, or of any one, now, father," she continued. "You said you had something to impart to me; you said, too, father, that your energies were wasting away. Had you not better speak of things more serious, and—"

"Those things are serious, my darling child; very serious to you. I know I am failing, failing fast, Bessie. But I must speak about this matter first; then the other."

He paused, and then bent his eyes toward the flask of rum.

Bessie understood him. She brought the vessel and placed it to his lips.

After taking a huge swallow, the old captain turned his face toward her, and began speaking rapidly:

"You must beware of this man, Bessie, this Black Phil; and you must be warned of one greater than Black Phil—one more powerful and equally ready to harm you—Arthur Ames."

"Why, father!" and the girl shrank back, though she did not say nay.

"You know, Bessie, Arthur Ames has paid you attentions, which you can not mistake. Do not interrupt me. You know all this, Bessie, despite the fact that you are barely seventeen, and Arthur Ames is nearly sixty. I tell you, my child, be warned of the man! He may mean no harm; yet, I tell you again, beware of him! You, who are young enough to be his granddaughter. I thank God that, already, you hate him. Do not be led away or blinded by his riches, for—"

"Oh, father! I fairly—"

"Do not let the glitter of gold dazzle your eyes; do not let that crafty old man throw a net around you. Years ago, Bessie, there were dark tales about the money which Arthur Ames handles, about the gold which dresses him in broadcloth and spotless linen, which robes his proud daughter in silks and laces, which rolls him about in a gilded coach! But old Silas Raynor is not a tatter; he will not repeat that old-time tale. Perhaps it was idle. But, beware of Arthur Ames—beware of Black Phil! There is a dark link between the men. They are villains, if any are to be found! Yet, Bessie," and the old man's voice trembled as he cast his eyes earnestly, anxiously toward his daughter, "there is one who can be trusted, and unless all signs fail, you who truly loves you, my child—Lorin Gray."

The old man still kept his eyes bent upon the face of the girl.

"Lorin Gray, father! You dream!"

But the maiden's tingling face showed the pleasure which her father's words had awakened in her bosom.

"Dream! Not I! No, no, Bessie, I am seldom deceived. If Lorin Gray does not love my sweet little Bessie, then, for once, I'll own I've steered wild."

Bessie Raynor trembled; an exclamation had sprung to her lips, but she crushed it back. There was pain in it.

After a moment, when she did speak, there was a deepness of soul and an anguish of meaning in her low, scarcely audible tones.

"No, father. You are mistaken. Lorin loves the rich, the handsome, the fascinating Minerva Ames, and—"

"Then God help him or any other man who marries into that family!" No, Bessie, I can not believe it. I have trusted him too much. Lorin Gray is too good, is too honest, to look away from you, and cast his eyes upon a woman so high above him in life—so far as money goes, you know. Simply because his strong arm held back the runaway horses to her carriage and saved her life, is no reason why Lorin Gray should love Minerva Ames, or seek her for a wife. My word for it, and I can see far ahead, there's a mistake in this report."

"You may be right, father; but, is not Lorin's strong arm and the deed it did reason enough that Minerva Ames should love him, and seek him for a husband?"

Bessie asked the question quietly; her tone was low and sad, as she turned her head away.

This was putting the matter in a new light—a strange light too.

Old Silas Raynor pondered; but, suddenly arousing himself, he said:

"You speak like a woman, Bessie, deeply and knowingly—yet, fearingly. But, mark you, my child, if you do not secure him, it will be your own fault! If you lose him, you'll lose a prize. But, come, my child, time flies. To other matters; they will not take me long. Oh, my darling sailor-boy, my gallant Ralph! so far away! And I sent him away, Bessie, with such an outfit!

"Fifty dollars and an old sea-chest! Could I have not done more? No, no; I wanted to save the other for him, for Ross, for you, and—Ha!"

He stopped, and as a shudder passed over his frame, pointed with his left hand to the floor.

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### THE KEY TO THE CHEST.

BESSIE RAYNOR looked.

An outside lamp was flaring in the wind; it flung its broad flame of light through the window into the room. The rays sprayed over the floor.

In that faint, flashing reflection, lay a motionless, distorted shadow.

The girl started wildly and turned hastily toward the window.

But the light faded out as the fickle gale scurried in another direction.

The ominous shadow was blotted out.

"Gone!" said the old man, in a low, startled whisper. "What could it have been? Was it a premonition of—what is coming? It could not have been Black Phil; I know him and his dark form so much—so well, that even his shadow could not deceive me. Could it have been, indeed, a forerunner of—"

"Sh, sh! father!" interrupted Bessie, in a frightened whisper, though her own soul was quaking, and she did not believe the words she was speaking. "It was nothing—noting but the limbs of the old tree out there. They are waving in the wind."

"Perhaps, perhaps, my child."

But the old man was not satisfied.

"Once more, Bessie, the liquor. I must have it, or my strength will go. Ha! the storm is coming up in earnest!" he exclaimed, as a spectral flash of lightning, and another quickly following, lit up the small room.

The girl again gave the rum-flask to her father, and waited for him to proceed.

This he did at once.

"You recollect, I said, Bessie, that I was able to take you out of the factory. I think I told the truth. Yet, for good reasons, I dared not take you and Ross out, yet awhile. I thought, too, it would all come out right in good time. But, I am cut down very suddenly, my child—too suddenly. 'Tis all one, however. . . . I wanted to talk to you, Bessie, to-night, about these matters; that is my reason for not wishing the kind neighbors to come in. You can tell my brave boy, Ralph, all about this when he comes back. Alas! . . . Listen, my child: there are some people in Lawrence who know that I am worth, in this world's chancels—something. Arthur Ames knows it, for from him I bought this house. It is mine. Start not, and, I beg you, interrupt me not, for every minute is precious to me. This house is mine; and, though a humble one, it is worth a few hundred dollars. I have the deed which secures it to me, all safe; yet, it has not been recorded. People have thought, perhaps, that I was a tenant of Arthur Ames." Well, 'tis all one to me.

"How like you, poor child! did you not know that Mr. Gordeloup was seen coming out of Mr. Clavering's room about the hour of that fatal night when the deed must have been done?"

"Oh! that low, insinuating voice! how Winnie wanted to crush it out, with its vile suspicions!"

"Who saw him—who saw him?"

Her eager, trembling tones betrayed her anxiety even more than the rapidly repeated question.

"That I may not answer. Suffice it that a member of the household, whose word can be depended on, saw him; and, Winnie, every one of us who were present, observed and remarked his strange, uneasy deportment."

His eyes were growing merciless, his voice hard and rasping.

"And you want me to be your wife because—"

She couldn't bring herself to utter the words that had never yet passed her lips.

"I think you fully comprehend me, Winnie. I have the power to bring Harry Gordeloup to justice, or to have the affair left as it is now. You can save him; for your sake he can go free, instead of to a murderer's scaffold."

There came a piercing scream from Winnie as she put her hands before her eyes, as if to shut out some fearful specter.

"Oh, Mr. Alvanley, have mercy! have mercy!" Remember he is a fellow-being, whose life is so precious to him—as much as yours or mine!"

"Do you also wish me to remember how you loved him, once upon a time?"

"It will suffice, remember how I love him still!"

She spoke almost defiantly, and Mr. Alvanley opened his eyes, in utter amazement, before he answered.

"What?"

"Yes, I do, as I never loved any one before, or ever will again!"

"Then I infer that you will do anything in your power to save him?"

Her cheeks blanched again.

"I can not marry you—how can I, when I don't care for you?"

"Nonsense! I love you, and you will learn to love me; besides, you will have the consciousness of benefiting him."

Just then Miss Rothermel returned, and as she entered, fresh, cool, and calm, poor Winnie rushed hotly out.

The two exchanged significant glances.

"Well?" asked Lillian.

He shook his head, yet not altogether with the air of a man who meant what he indicated.

"I do not think you need be disappointed. I know she will not marry H——. She said it, to-day, to my surprise."

"Without knowing you had seen him come out of the room?"

"Yes—at least I suppose she did not know it. Why should she?"

"Very true, Lillian, will you have a servant show me my room? I am very dusky."

He went up-stairs, and caught a glimpse of Winnie at her door, that stood sufficiently ajar to admit of the passage of a letter a maid was giving her.

Then he went on to his own room, wondering who the letter was from.

And Winnie, locking her door, began by kissing the unconscious paper with such passionate kisses that you would not have believed her capable of such emotion; then, when she had caressed it with a touching tenderness, she opened Harry Gordeloup's letter—for him it was.

It began simply, "Winnie;" but her

searching, impatient eyes, not content in reading the letter in a sensible way, glanced through and down; and the chance words, "love," "my own," "once again," "unworthy," "penitent" and the subscription, "yours till death, if it may but be," told the story.

Old Silas turned, convulsively, over; he gasped but once.

Bessie was flung upon her face, and the iron key flew, like a bolt, from her hand. But she staggered to her feet, and cast a rapid glance at the form of him who lay upon the bed—him so dear to her.

That glance was sufficient.

The rigid lips, the fallen jaw, the staring eye, told a tale. Bessie understood it.

The dark blue discoloration, like a contusion, covering the upper part of the face, told a tale too.

Silas Raynor had been killed by lightning.

With a loud, wailing cry, a cry of frenzy, coming from a torn and anguished heart, the orphan girl flung her hands to her head, and fell like lead to the floor.

Suddenly an old man, with disheveled hair, and a wild, stark expression of countenance, darted from the blackness without, through the open window, into the room. He paused not until he neared the staircase leading above. Here he stooped, and picked some small object from the floor.

Whatever it was, he placed it in his pocket. Then turning, he gave one triumphant look at the motionless form of the girl, and retreated rapidly through the window.

In a moment he was in the street.

Rain was now falling fast.

"Gone!" muttered. "Luck has been with me! I've won! The key is mine, and soon shall all the rest be. Now, at last, Bessie Raynor, I have you in my power! You shall feel the biting tooth of poverty, and want and wretchedness! Then you will accept my hand, and—my money! My money! Yes! Mine! I swear it!"

Arthur Ames, the banker, was indeed, a thief!

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 73.)

#### Love-Blind:

##### OR, WAS SHE GUILTY?

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,  
AUTHOR OF "OATH-BOUND," "SHADOWED HEART,"  
ETC., ETC.

#### CHAPTER XV.

##### THE SACRIFICE.

WINNIE started at those suggestive words; her eyes fairily dilated with terror as she stopped suddenly still, and with her tongue cleaving to her mouth, essayed to speak.

"For Harry's sake!" why for his sake, Mr. Alvanley?"

How she shivered for dread of the answer, as she still looked her lover in the eyes.

A look of gloom darkened Mr. Alvanley's hand; he leaned forward in a mysteriously confidential way that of itself drove her half crazy.

"Had you no idea, poor child? did you not know that Mr. Gordeloup was seen coming out of Mr. Clavering's room about the hour of that fatal night when the deed must have been done?"

Winnie wanted to crush it out, with its vile suspicions!

"Who saw him—who saw him?"

Her eager, trembling tones betrayed her anxiety even more than the rapidly repeated question.

"That I may not answer. Suffice it that a member of the household, whose word can be depended on, saw him; and, Winnie, every one of us who were present, observed and remarked his strange, uneasy deportment."

His eyes were growing merciless, his voice hard and rasping.

moment, as if doubting the evidence of her senses; she swayed to and fro an instant, and then the motion changed to a writhe of bodily agony, keener than she could endure.

Then, like a lightning-flash, she drew her slender figure to its utmost height; her eyes gleamed with a steely rigidity; tiny purple specks dotted her face, and a pale blackness gathered around the corners of her lips.

"I never shall forget this. Triumph in your petty revenge, but remember, the day shall come when you will writh in my grasp, and curse this hour!"

Harry stood contemptuously, and swung round on his heel to meet Winnie, who had come down, hoping to escape to the garden from the oppressive heat of the house.

"Winnie, I am going with you, may I?"

Utterly ignoring Lillian's presence, he sauntered beside her, glancing at Winnie, who was fluttering along, dreading lest he should mention his offer and her refusal, which were the very first words he spoke.

"Why did you do it, Winnie? I dare not say 'Winnie darling,' as my heart prompts me to, but why, if you still love me, will you marry Lester Alvancey?"

He would have taken her hand, but she shrank away.

"Oh, Harry, don't! I can't tell you—be assured it is all for the best! indeed, indeed, it is for the best!" and she darted away and ran weeping to her room!

How could he be guilty?—that honest-eyed man who had been so pitifully looking at her? And yet not only *she*, but another witness had seen him! How her heart was crushing, crushing under that cruel weight!

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 71.)

## Overland Kit: THE IDYL OF WHITE PINE.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,  
AUTHOR OF "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," "WOLD  
DEMON," "WHITE WITCH," ETC.

### CHAPTER XIX.

#### THE MIDNIGHT EXAMINATION.

The window was still open, for Bernice had not closed it. She looked out upon the street. A little group of men came marching along, coming from the north.

As they came past the Eldorado, Bernice saw that Judge Jones was at the head of the party, and that in the center was Dick Talbot, evidently a prisoner.

A sigh of anguish came to the lips of the girl; her worst fears were realized. The express agent was on the right scene.

As the party passed the window, Talbot raised his eyes, and gazing in that direction caught sight of the pale face of Bernice framed in the light that streamed through the window, from the burning candle on the table beyond.

A sad smile came over his face as he looked upon the girl.

The party passed on, heading for the express office. A little group of people had come to the door of the Eldorado, attracted by the noise of the footsteps.

Among the party was Jimmie and Mr. Rennet.

Bernice, leaning out of the window, caught sight of the old lawyer.

She called out to him, aloud.

In obedience to her request, Mr. Rennet ascended to Bernice's room.

"You saw them pass?" Bernice questioned eagerly, almost before the lawyer was fairly within the apartment.

"You mean that party that just went down the street?"

"Yes."

"Certainly."

"What is the matter?"

"Well, from what I can gather from the conversation of the men who stood around me, I should say that the Vigilantes had risen."

"Vigilantes?" questioned Bernice, in wonder; and then, at the very moment that she spoke, the thought flashed into her mind that Talbot, at his interview with her, had spoken of danger to him, coming from the hands of the Vigilantes.

"Yes, the old-time Vigilance Committee, under a new name, my dear," explained the lawyer. "You see they don't have much law in this region—none of the regular machinery of courts, judges, lawyers, etc.; once in a while, the citizens take the law into their own hands, and that, my dear, is the Vigilantes."

"But, what are they going to do with Mr. Talbot?" questioned Bernice, earnestly.

"Mr. Talbot?" said Rennet, in astonishment; he had entirely forgotten the name of Dick.

"Yes, the gentleman in the middle of the group of men, who seemed to be a prisoner. He's Mr. Rennet, who gave up his room to me; don't you remember?"

"Oh, yes; bless me! I forgot all about it!" exclaimed the old lawyer. "Well, no one seems to have the least idea why this Mr. Talbot is arrested—everybody calls him Injin Dick, my dear. By the by, that's the reason why I didn't understand who you meant."

"Where are they taking him?"

"To the express office down the street; they're going to try him right away, so one of the crowd said."

"Mr. Rennet, I feel a great curiosity to know of what crime he is accused. He very kindly gave up his room to me, you know," Bernice said, suddenly. "Would it be requesting too much to ask you to go and see what is the matter?"

"Oh, of course not, my dear," Rennet replied, rather astonished at the odd request. "I'll go at once, but the trial may take some time, and it's late now, and—"

"I shall be up—I'm not at all sleepy," interrupted Bernice, quickly.

"Well, I'll be back as soon as possible," and the old gentleman hurried from the room, wondering at the peculiar whims of "lovely woman."

Down the street to the express office hurried the lawyer. It was only a few hundred yards, and when Rennet arrived there, he found that they had just got the office lighted up by means of a number of candles stuck around the walls of the shanty in tin scenes, and were proceeding to open the court.

The Judge took a seat behind the table; Talbot, the prisoner, was placed behind the dry-goods box, and the crowd ranged themselves around the room.

The little office was pretty well crowded, for the party that held Injin Dick prisoner, had increased, little by little, on the road from Gopher Gulch to the express office in Spur City.

"As this is merely a preliminary examination, we don't need any jury," said Judge Jones, with this remark opening the court. "Prisoner at the bar, known as Dick Talbot, otherwise, Injin Dick, are you guilty, or not guilty?"

"Well, Judge, until I know what I'm accused of, I can't tell; I never could guess riddles." You're too much for me; I give it up, Judge," replied Dick, coolly, not at all abashed by his position.

A titter went round the circle of miners at the reply. Probably no class of men in the world are quicker to appreciate a certain sort of humor than the denizens of the Far West.

The Judge looked annoyed for a moment.

"I put the question directly to you to save time," he said, sternly; "you must know very well of what crime you are accused, Dick Talbot."

"Haven't the least idea, Judge; unless it is, in being Dick Talbot. I'll have to plead guilty to that, anyhow."

"Gambler, bully, cheat, and desperado!" exclaimed the Judge, harshly.

The face of Talbot grew a shade paler at the ugly names; he shut his teeth firmly together for a moment, involuntarily shot his hands clenched, and an ominous light shot from his dark eyes.

All within the room bent forward eagerly to watch the issue. Few there but had seen men, giants in size, go down before Injin Dick's sledge-hammer blows, for far less offense than that now offered him.

Nearly all the crowd expected to see Dick dart forward and fall the Judge to the floor, and one half of those within the room would have justified the deed.

Neither they, nor Dick, had any suspicion that Judge Jones had slyly drawn a revolver from the drawer of the table, when he had first taken his seat at it, and now, with his hand on the trigger, which he had fully calculated his words would bring. Of course, in self-defense, the Judge thought, and rightly too, that few would blame him for using his weapon.

But Judge Jones had reckoned "without the host."

With a powerful effort, Dick repressed his wrath.

"Judge, when a man stands before you with his hands tied behind his back, to hit him, even with words, is a cowardly act," Dick said, slowly and deliberately.

A low murmur came from the lips of the crowd.

"It was plain that the prisoner had more friends than the host."

"A show to be struck by lightning!" growled the man-from-Red-Dog, in anger.

Silence in the court! cried the Judge, sternly, and in anger. "In reply to your accusations, I will say that I am the Judge and not the prosecuting attorney, but it is my duty to see that justice be done."

"That's all I ask," remarked Dick, quietly.

"Of course you are aware, that, in certain cases, the Judge, on the guilt of the prisoner being proven, has power to pass sentence at once," Jones said.

"That's square, every time; but, I say, Judge; you commenced operations by saying that, as this was only a preliminary examination, a jury wouldn't be needed.

Now, if you're going to have a jury, they've got to find me guilty before you can sentence me. And if the crime I'm accused of isn't big enough to go before a jury, why, of course the punishment will only amount to a fine. So you can prop right away with a fine, team—team; if I've done any wrong with the crowd will put up 'for me.'

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man from Red Dog; "I don't knock any chip off any man's shoulder if he don't put it there to be knocked off. Your 'ology' is accepted, Judge. I'm willin' to be forgive, an' if I've done any thing that I ought to be sorry fur, I glad of it." And thus this jocose remark, peace was once more restored and the examination went on.

Jones saw plainly that Dick had made up his mind to take the affair coolly, and not to be provoked into any violence. The Judge felt that he had lost the first point in the game, and that his adversary had the best of it at present.

"The charge against you, Talbot, is a very serious one," the Judge said, slowly; "too serious for me to handle alone; I don't want to assume any responsibility beyond what the citizens here have already conferred upon me. As your life or death will hang in the issue of this trial, I shall summon a jury of twelve men, good and true, and place your fate in their hands."

The members of the crowd looked at each other with blank faces.

"Reckon that's ain't any sich thing in this crowd," Jim remarked.

"Don't believe that that's sich a thing in town," Ginger Bill observed, dubiously.

"Reckon that's ain't one 'round, Judge," one of the miners said, shaking his head in doubt.

"A Testament will do," the Judge remarked, beginning to show signs of annoyance.

Again the members of the crowd looked at each other with blank faces.

"Reckon that's ain't any sich thing in this crowd," Jim remarked.

"Don't believe that that's such a thing in town," Ginger Bill observed, dubiously.

"Well, in the absence of the article whereon the oath should be taken, we must swear the witness on his conscience," said the Judge, seeing a way out of the dilemma.

"Swear him on a chicken, Chinee style," suggested one of the crowd.

"I reckon chickens are as skase as t'other things, round hyer," observed another.

"I wouldn't believe that ornery lookin' cuss of you were to swear him on a stack of Bibles," growled the man-from

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## Foolscap Papers.

## Honesty.

HONESTY, like poetry, is an inspiration, and must be born in a man. How often have I seen men struggling to be honest, like unborn poets struggling to write poetry, and with no better success. They did the best they knew how, probably, but the honesty they produced wasn't worth five cents a pound, net. I have seen those men die in the attempt, and have sat by their tombstones hours and hours at a time, pitying their melancholy fates, and reading their epitaphs—"Died in trying to be honest."

Honesty is one of our family complaints, and whenever it has been necessary to put it into practice, I don't think I have ever failed to do so.

It is not generally known that I took the medal for honesty at the Paris Exposition, but I did. (It may be well enough for me to add, just here, that I took it off a table.)

My honesty will average 95 per cent above proof, and I will not deny that I am the most trustworthy man that was ever invented, and would be glad to see my rich friends deposit until sums of money with me, and have so much confidence in me that they would scoff at the idea of having me give security for it, or even any writings to show for it.

My honesty is constantly on the alert. It is rather too much on the alert, I may say, for when I go to pick up twenty-five cents on the street, or an empty pocket-book, or a piece of brick wrapped up, it makes me look anxiously around for fear some one doesn't see me.

Some men are considered so very honest that even their dishonest transactions are looked upon as being honest.

The way to test a man's honesty is to let a little money lie around loose within reach of him; but I should hate to have anybody test mine that way, and should certainly look upon such an act as exceeding cruel, for it is taking a person at a miserable disadvantage.

I have such an honesty of purpose that, if I should say, "I will settle this to-morrow, as I have come off and left my pocket-book in my other coat," I would either set it on fire or burst. (I have frequently done the latter when I could do nothing else.)

I have got a good deal of credit for my honesty, a good deal of credit, credit of very long standing, and I am proud to say, will endure for many years yet, for it is not ephemeral.

Honesty is a rare virtue, and suffers a good deal by contact with the world; so, if you are fortunate enough to have any, use it as little as possible, and then only upon state occasions.

Honesty is the best policy; but I never knew but one man who ever got rich by it, and he lost what he made by trying to turn his money too fast. (He was turning one dollar bills into tens.)

If all the world was honest, locksmiths would suffer (and I have some friends among that class), and contracting for the government would lose its chief charm.

Honesty is an exotic, and dies in the atmosphere of dollar stores and auction rooms.

I am reminded of a little incident that occurred last evening. I was sitting in my room, employing my time in waiting for supper, and wondering what we would have for that meal besides a family jar newly opened, when my wife ushered a faded gentleman, done up in rags, into my presence. Putting on my spectacles, and assuring myself that he wasn't just from the legislature, I bade him be seated. His very rags won my respect, and his plug hat, mashed up under his arm, claimed my reverence. He sat down and related his pitiful story, while I, being all ears, as usual, caught his faltering words, which smelt very much of the last thing he took, yet he told his story in such an unassuming manner that it impressed me as being true. He said that, in his better days, although his present appearance would hardly prove it, he was Minister of War under old King Cole, and that it was he who shot the tails off the Duke of Wellington's coat at the siege of Troy, and had his feelings dreadfully wounded at the battle of Bannockburn, in Central Africa, where he unflinchingly led a regiment of New York cavalry—in a retreat; but Cyrus the Great closed in upon him, and he was captured and confined for three years in the Bastile at Sing Sing, the capital of China, on bread and victuals, and that he afterward escaped through a flaw in the indictment and the wall, and in a fruitless attempt to climb the north pole he slipped, and fell into the State of New Jersey, but was finally enabled to get back to earth, and got to be conductor on a street car, running between Dublin and Paris, during which time he was called to mourn the loss of seven fine wives. The recital of this brought tears to my eyes, and tears also ran down his nose, making it necessary for him to blow it. Afterward he invested in a lot of improved long-horned musketeers, Shanghai bed bugs, and South-down cockroaches, and made quite a fortune in this country selling hotel rights, but that he had spent it all in trying to establish a colony of United States Congressmen at Terra del Fuego. He afterward entered the service of the Czar of France, and had banks and palaces of his own there, and had recently left them to travel in this country and examine the manners and customs, and would I lend him fifty cents to get his supper with, as he hadn't had anything to eat for a week.

Glad to help a nobleman in disguise, I gave him ten dollars, and made him remain

and sup sumptuously with me, and then gave him the best room in the house to sleep in. Such a high-toned, intelligent gentleman! How glad was I to do any thing for him! Why, I could hardly go to sleep thinking upon him and his vicissitudes of fortune, which were so romantic. When we called him to breakfast next morning we found that he, the spoons, my pocket-book, and other articles had absented themselves.

Now I want to know if that is not an underhanded manner for one honest man to impose upon another honest man, and was there any thing honest in it?

It will teach me a lesson, not to trust everybody that has a flowery story, as being too strictly honest, for I am afraid he didn't tell the truth.

Honestly, WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

## OUR NEWSPAPERS.

The number of newspapers published in the United States, when considered in proportion to the inhabitants thereof, is astonishingly large.

Our newspapers, and our excellent system of common, free schools, tell the reason why our people, taken in the mass, are beyond a question, better educated than the people of any other country on the face of the globe.

A certain distinguished man lately made the bold statement that not one Englishman out of a hundred, when shown a map of the United States and asked to place his finger on Chicago, could come within five hundred miles of it. It is doubtful if there are ten twelve-year-old lads out of a hundred, selected at random from our public school scholars, who couldn't indicate the exact location of St. Petersburg, when asked to point it out on a map of Europe.

We mention this to indicate how thorough is our system of education when compared to an old and wealthy nation like England.

The daily newspapers circulate their hundreds of thousands of copies every day—the weeklies their hundreds of thousands once each week.

In the pages of the dailies live the men and manners of the time; they exist only for the present; on the morrow they are forgotten. Often they fight in the interest of a bad cause, advocate corrupt measures, are used as party tools to build up this man and to pull down that one, and not to educate the people; that is out of their province entirely; they are only a great mirror to reflect truly the vices, as well as the virtues, of the day; but one-half the time they do not reflect truly; the glass is false, the picture distorted.

On the other hand, the weekly story papers are for all times and for all ages. We read them to-day; our children, yet unborn, will read the same papers, neatly bound together, twenty years hence. We speak, of course, of the weekly story papers.

In the pages of the weekly journal devoted to literature we read not only of the men and manners in which we live, but of men and times long gone by. And the image presented is not a false one, distorted, perhaps, by party prejudice, but the true reflex of the men and of the time.

The story paper aims always at purity of thought and expression; the history of the guilty points the moral, but does not "adorn" the tale. Its object is easily understood; it seeks to educate the people by the only method by which they can be reached; to make them wiser and better by telling them of the successful fortunes of good men and pure women, showing the evil consequences of guilt and the certain punishment that awaits the evil-doer.

We have given the characters of the two classes of papers fairly, we think; yet, lo and behold! the frosty "dally" sneers always at the weekly story paper. The sheet full of fiction, told for party purposes, and oftentimes with deliberate intent to do injury to some one, scoffs at the journal whose pages of fiction are written to amuse and instruct the people.

One daily, with owl-like wisdom, gravely says, "any person with a fair education and a fair degree of knowledge of the world can write a successful serial story." When the writer penned the words he knew that he was stating an untruth. It was simply the old slur flung at the story paper—the paper of the people. The defamer of our popular literature knows two things well enough. The first is, that his salary per week does not exceed one-fourth that of a successful serial writer. Now, as the "elevated" writer is, presumably, possessed of a fair education, and a fair knowledge of the world, why doesn't he turn his attention to writing serials, and treble his salary thereby?

But he has tried it—or his sister, or his wife, or his brother, or some other relative has tried it—and failed. He—or they—trusted to the connection with a daily journal to secure a place in the columns of the weekly, not knowing the fact that merit alone can gain a position there. The failure is made all the greater is the wrath thereby!

So, reader, when you see the story paper abused in the columns of the "dally," make up your mind that the writer of the article has had "respectfully declined" affixed to his contributions to the weekly story paper.

## POWER.

What a strange thing it is that almost everybody desires to have power over somebody else! None of us want to be servants; we all crave to be masters. Just as if a domineering spirit was one to be craved after. Yet it is so. There's Mollie, the cook, seems to be pleased to know that she has power enough over the cold virtuous children to tell them when they must and must not come for cold bread and other edibles. Now, we can't blame Mollie so much, when we set her the example—for we do set it to her. We very often make her feel our power, and she, in her indignation, vents her spite upon some creature lower in the social scale than herself.

I know, when I was a wee bit of a girl, I used to think my ultimatum of pleasure would be reached if I could become a school-teacher. Not on account of ingraining into the minds of my pupils the mysteries of education, but simply because I should have the power to dominate over the scholars. I am happy to say that such a vindictive spirit has now entirely left me.

Young Sprouter now is a clerk in a dry goods store, being paid a certain stipend for his smirkings and mock politeness. Don't you suppose he thinks, as he measures off a yard or so of calico, that the time may come when he'll have power over somebody, the

same as his employer has over him? Of course he does; and as he can not at present do so, he retaliates on the cash-boys.

Sometimes we envy the power of a certain king or queen, and we imagine that, if we only had their power, we'd make such-and-such a one smart round for their treatment of us. We seem to forget that, when their royal highnesses are sick, they have to obey—they are in the physician's power. It is so all over the world, and among all classes, that this power is used. Johnny has got to grow up ere he can fully carry out his ideas of power. The poor must bide their time ere they can remonstrate, and the aspiring author must be content with an humble position and scanty pay, until his name can win him a standard place in the niche of fame, where he can snap his fingers at those who predicted his failure.

But the worst of this power is, we only get the use of it when we make abuse of it. Is it not just as easy, and as well, to treat our poorer and dependent creatures more like human beings than as if they were only another set of creatures which we allowed the privilege of living, but who mustn't come into too close contact with us?

As for myself, I'd bow to, and shake hands with, a person if her dress wasn't a *la mode* and her bonnet *was* rather shabby. It wouldn't be *her* fault, but it would be *mine*, if I did not endeavor to get her better; but that would be decidedly unfashionable, and of course humanity must give way to fashion, and kindness to power.

If you have power over an individual, don't be so despicable as to use it in a wrong manner. Don't make those dependent upon you for charity *feel* that they are so.

If you have the power to elevate a human being, have the inclination as well, and do it, but don't brag about it forever afterward, for that will take away all the beauty of your good deed.

If you have persons in your employ, don't give your money to him or her in a begetting manner when pay-day comes. Make each one feel as though you thought the money was well earned.

Let's throw away this abominable pride we have, and treat all as we would desire to be treated ourselves. That's not original. The Golden Rule tells us to do that, but it does not tell us we ought to grind down the poor and weak. That would be a strange kind of Christianity. Yet we call ourselves Christians, but we never will be worthy of that title until we make better use of the power that is given us. EVA LAWLESS.

## A WOMANLY POSITION.

"GAIL HAMILTON's declaration that 'pecuniary dependence, so degrading to men, is not only undignified, but is the only thoroughly discredited position for women,' is quoted all over the world as sound and sensible."

I copy the foregoing paragraph from a prominent newspaper, which is not at all strong-minded.

I would like to know how any woman can make such a remark as this. I hadn't seen it before, and had some doubts about its correctness, but there appears no room for reasonable doubt.

"So degrading to men"—dear me! I wonder why the Lord made his children—men and women—so different? "Pecuniary dependence" is "so degrading" to men, but is the "only dignified position for women." Why degrading to the masculine persuasion, I wonder? Because, if a *woman* wants a cigar, or a new shirt, to have to ask somebody for money to purchase it is galling to them. Dependence is degrading to men—they were born free and lofty creatures, with souls that scorn slavery and soar above the degrading restraints of dependence. It is not dignified for them, a man must be independent.

But, women are very different. They were at the beginning dependent on a man's rib for existence, and being wholly a secondary consideration, she must occupy a secondary position. It is quite proper that I could at least pick out my way. I arrived at the place and had got as far as the woodshed, when my foot tripped, and I fell over an old saw-horse; the concussion broke the glass of my lantern and put out the light.

"A bad beginning makes a good ending." I said to myself, as I hobbled toward the house. I could see a white form at Roxana's window, and progressed that way.

I encountered a large bare. This I thought I would mount, and as I hobbled toward the house, I could see a white form at Roxana's window, and progressed that way. I encountered a large bare. This I thought I would mount, and as I hobbled toward the house, I could see a white form at Roxana's window, and progressed that way.

I carried a lantern with me, so that I could at least pick out my way. I arrived at the place and had got as far as the woodshed, when my foot tripped, and I fell over an old saw-horse; the concussion broke the glass of my lantern and put out the light.

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## SMITHERS' COURTSHIP.

I BELIEVE that I have never presented to the world the reminiscences of the days of my youth and courtship of Roxana Calope. I never was in favor with my wife's father, for he was too much inclined to borrow of my money. I remember once when he wanted to borrow himself to ten cents of mine, that I told him, confidentially, I was saving all my loose change to buy a wedding suit. He said a wicked word, and told me that the size of my boots were too large to suit him, and as his house was small, he required all the room in it for his own family. He said he had a contempt for a man who couldn't lend ten cents.

Roxana and I, then courted on a woodpile; she chewed gum, while I munched apples. She was a great gum-chewer; in fact, I think she would have proved herself to be the champion gum-chewer of the world, had there been a contest to that effect. She gave up the habit, some time since, but so often were her jaws at work in those days that she can not keep them still now.

Roxana liked my style of courtship; it was so original. It was an expensive catch to me, for I was invariably catching my clothes in some of the notches of the wood. I was "spoony" in those days, and quoted poetry by the yard. This touched the heart of my adored, and, while peeling apples of an afternoon, in the back kitchen, she would appeal to her flinty-hearted parent, and tell him that she felt assured the mantle of the ancient poets had fallen upon me. He said it would have been much better if somebody's mantel-piece had fallen on my head.

Well, our courtship went on smoothly during the summer and fall. But the winter weather was too much for Roxana to stand—or rather sit—on the wood-pile; so we were obliged to seek some other way to express our love, or let it die out entirely. Roxana had seen "Romeo and Juliet" performed, and proposed that we should follow the example of the Venetian lovers and hold clandestine meetings. I don't know how our acting would have pleased an audience, but, I know it satisfied us. One night, Roxana had a severe cold, which made her so deaf, that I was obliged to resort to a speaking-trumpet to make her hear my protestations of love. It frightened Roxana's father so much that he feared the house was on fire, and frantically rushed around with buckets of water in his hands, which he dashed about in rather too uncouth a manner to be agreeable. He said he would have been much better if some one else had been to a fire.

Roxana wished a receipt to remove freckles. Take fine pale brandy, four ounces; glycerin, one ounce; Mix by a gentle heat. When cold add alcohol, one ounce; essence of ambergris six drops; citric acid, three drachms. This is intended to remove freckles and is applied to the skin.

R. E. T. BARBORESE was a famous pirate, the history of whose exploits would fill many pages. He proclaimed himself King of Algiers and Tunis, and took possession of the kingdom of Trecane, but was defeated by Gomez, Governor of Oran, in 1653.

# SATURDAY JOURNAL

5

## A FATHER'S PRAYER.

BY REV. DR. WHITINGTON.

At this hushed hour, when all my children sleep,  
Here in thy presence, grant me God I kneel;  
And while the tears of gratitude I weep,  
Would pour the prayer which gratitude must feel.

Parental love! Oh, set thy holy seal  
On these young hearts, which thou to me has sent;

Repel temptation, guard their better weal;

Be my spirit, or their spirit, gentle and kind,

And lead them safe the path their infant Savior went.

I ask not for them emolument or wealth—

For those, in wisdom's view, are trifling toys;

But occupation, competence and health;

They love, thy presence, and the lasting joys

That flow therefrom; which the world employs

The breath of life, and animates me;

From all that taunts, or torments or destroys

The strength of principles, forever free;

This is the better boon, oh, God, I ask of thee.

This world, I know, is but a narrow bridge,

And treacherous waters roar and foam below;

With feeble feet we walk the wooden ridge;

Which creaks and shakes beneath us as we go;

Their bodies heaving in the hungry storm;

Some sink by secret means and never know

The hand which struck them from their transient

dream;

Till wisdom wakes in death, and in despair they

scream.

If these soft feet, which these feathers press,

Are destined to the path of min' soot to tread;

It's soon to her bed; but her bosom beat

If thy foreseeing eye discerns a thread

Of sable gauze, impelling on their doom;

Oh, speed them not—in mercy, strike them dead;

Not for eternal blight let my false blossoms bloom,

But if some useful path before them lie;

Where they may walk obedient to thy laws,

Though never basing in ambition's eye.

And pampered never with the w.r.p. applause;

And virtue yet untaught, virtue to the cause

Still following where thy perfect Sire draws,

Releasing others from the hands of hell;

If this be life, then let them longer live—'tis well,

And teach me, Power Supreme, in their green days,

With meekest skill, thy lessons to impart—

To shun the harlot, and to show the maze,

Through which her honeyed accents reach the heart;

Help them to learn without the bitter smart

Of bad experiences, yea to decline;

From treachery, falsehood, knavery may they start;

As from a hidden snake; from woman, wine,

From all the guilty pangs with such scenes combine.

How well they sleep! what innocent repose!

Rests on their eyes, from older sorrows free!

Sweet babes, the curtain I would not unclothe,

Which wraps the future from your minds and me,

But, Heaven! if Earth's fair daughters these with thee,

Whom on high no low man may be their lot,

Or earthly guardian, or life await them—but,

Their Guardian, Savior, Guide; and bless the spot,

Where they shall live or die; till death, forsake them not.

Though persecution's arches o'er them spread,

Or sickness, odermine, consuming slow;

Then, when the cold grave shall offer up its dust,

When sea shall burn, and the last dread day

Restores the spirit to its scattered dust;

Then, though the merciful as just,

Let me, ye sons of men, be to them go;

In wild eyes, when the world's worst

Of painful sights, that ever parent crossed—

Heard my sad, earnest prayer, and let not mine be lost!

## Strange Stories.

### THE SPANISH VULTURE

#### A LEGEND OF FLANDERS.

BY AGILE PENNE.

FROM the donjon tower of the castle of Detmold floated the banner of Raymond de Villa, the stout soldier of Spain, who held the Flemish castle with an iron hand.

The device on the banner was a naked arm, the hand of which grasped a dagger; beneath it was the motto—"I dare!"

The Spanish captain did not belie the motto that he had chosen. Stern Alva, the Spanish bloodhound, who was drenching the flat Netherland fields with gore, had no better soldier than Raymond de Villa.

But, how was it that the Spaniard held the Flemish tower, and called himself the lord of Detmold?

Listened we to the conversation between two men who are watching from the donjon tower, and mayhap we shall learn.

One of the men, a full-bearded Spaniard, whose bronzed face and upright carriage told of burning suns and warlike deeds, was called Pedro Santana. He was second in command to De Villa. The other was a slenderly-built gentleman, whose white face and dainty hands told that he was far better acquainted with courtly graces than with the rough customs of the teated field. He was called Henri De Ligne.

He was an envoy from the French king; sent on a secret mission to the bold Spaniard who had seized the Flemish tower. The object of his mission was to detach De Villa from Spain and bind him to France.

The two were gazing intently to the south, their backs to the German ocean, that dashed its dark waters against the base of the tower.

Far off in the distance could be seen the shining lances of a large body of horsemen approaching the castle.

Pedro and De Ligne were old friends, having met years before at the French court.

"Yonder they come," said the Spaniard, pointing to where the lances glittered silver in the sunlight.

"You know, then, who wonder horsemen are?" questioned De Ligne, in surprise.

"Ay; the escort of the lady, Louise of Cleves; she is that to wed the soldier who holds this tower—the 'Spanish Vulture' as these sturdy Flemings term him."

"Hark ye, Pedro; tell me something of your captain," said De Ligne, seating himself upon a stone that projected from the wall. "Ten days ago, I knew not that such a man as Raymond De Villa lived."

"The story is soon told," replied the other. "My captain comes of a good old Spanish family, though blessed neither with broad acres nor a noble title, yet he has the right to put Don before his name. As soon as he was old enough to set lance in rest, he chose a soldier's life. Step by step he fought his way upward, until a year ago found him in Flanders serving under Alva, leading a hundred men, as good soldiers as ever broke bread or wielded brand. At that time this castle was held by Daniël of Detmold, a Flemish noble of high descent. De Villa was a soldier of fortune, serving for hire in the Spanish ranks. The hundred he led looked to him for pay. Charles of Spain, the kindly monk, thought more of convents and saintly men than of paying the brave hearts who were shedding their

blood like water for him on foreign soil. De Villa, tired at last of serving without pay, with his hundred men, withdrew from the Spanish service. He looked around for some castle to attack. He was wearied of selling his sword for hire, and wished to settle down as a landed proprietor. Sweeping through the land like an army of locusts, this tower came in his way. Boldly he defied the lord of Detmold, Daniël, to battle. Confident in his overwhelming numbers—for the Fleming, hearing of De Villa's approach, had called upon his neighbors for assistance and had gathered together some four hundred men—Daniël salled from his castle to crush the horde of robbers, as the Fleming termed the Spaniards. Though the Flemings were four to one, yet, before the sun went down, the lord of Detmold and one-half of his men lay disabled, wounded or dead, upon the field, and the rest, a beaten crowd of fugitives, sought safety in flight. Detmold tower was won at a single blow."

"A decisive victory!" exclaimed the Frenchman, who had listened to the recital with interest.

"Yes, the Flemish forces were no match for the hardy soldiers of fortune who had risked their lives on a hundred battle-fields.

In the tower De Villa captured the son and heir of the dead lord, a child some six years old.

The wife, absent on a visit to her father, the count of Guelders, escaped. One year ago, De Villa seized the tower, and ever since that time he has been obliged to fight a woman. One by one she has stirred up the neighboring nobles to make war upon the slayer of her husband. Dearly, though, have they paid for their rashness. The Flemings call De Villa, the 'Spanish Vulture,' and well they may, for he has swooped down upon them often enough. But, this Rosel of Detmold—the widow whom his sword, has made—gives him no peace. She beats his enemies and cools his friends. By her arts she has kept all the Flemish nobles from entering into alliances with him."

"But this marriage treaty with Cleves?"

"There is a mystery about it that puzzles me," said the Spaniard, thoughtfully. "The Duke of Cleves proposed the marriage. His daughter, Louise of Cleves, is said to be one of the handsomest girls in all Flanders; her hand sought after by every noble in the Netherlands; yet her father refuses them all, to give her to the Spanish Vulture."

"Doubtless he courts the alliance of your

bed until she has rescued her son from your chains."

"My chains!" the Spaniard exclaimed in astonishment. "By the saints! my foes belie me. I am a soldier, and do not war on infants. I but hold the boy in hopes some day, by giving him up, to win the mother to desist from her fruitless attempts to wrest the tower from my grasp. The boy has had as careful tending as if he had been of my own flesh and blood. Had I been the merciless butcher—the Spanish Vulture—that the Flemings claim, Daniël's son would have yielded up his young life long ago. But, you shall see him, lady; his rosy cheeks and clear blue eyes shall tell that he has not been cruelly treated. Pedro, bring young Daniël hither."

He nerv'd himself for the daring attempt, and the spectators uttered ejaculations of astonishment and horror when they saw the fragile outcast spring from their midst and throw himself before the horses.

"He finds his Juggernaut," cried a Bohemian. "Poor fellow! he must have been crazy."

A moment the dust hid the youth from view, and then a puff of wind revealed him upon the tongue, between the horses, bringing them to terms, like a second master of Beucephalus.

He conquered.

The champing steeds were scarcely under his control when the unconscious occupant of the broken vehicle, uninjured in person, but frightened in mind, was lifted into a neighboring pharmacy.

She was a transcendently bewitching girl, just entering her eighteenth year, and clad in robes fit enough to grace the person of a princess.

In the joyous moment immediately following the beauty's deliverance, her preserver was forgotten, and when some one looked for him, behold, he was gone.

"He has stolen back to his haunts of crime," remarked the Bohemian above referred to. "Perhaps you'll find him at the police court to-morrow. I, myself, have seen that face in the prisoner's dock quite often. But, gentlemen, he is braver than all of us."

The throng admitted the truth of the last remark, and though the Rag King, as men called the youth, was looked for far and wide, none saw him stealing down a dingy alley, keeping in the gloom of the buildings like some great hunted rat.

Presently he emerged upon a street, and entered a doorway, above which a sign informed the people that Roger Chidester, artist, occupied a room on the second floor.

The youth went straight to the studio,

and found the young aspirant for fame

working upon a form which resembled his own forbidding humanity.

"Mercy! do not kill my boy!" pleaded the anxious mother.

"Lady, these men act your pleasure?" asked De Villa.

"Yes."

"I acknowledge myself beaten; I give up

your child and your castle; all I ask is per-

mission for myself and men to leave this place forever, and I swear by my knightly honor never again to claim the tower of Detmold."

"I agree," she said.

Within an hour, the Spaniards were on the march. De Villa's smile was pleasant, for the sweet face of Rosel floated even before him. For the first time in his life the stern soldier knew the meaning of the word, love.

Rosel had won the game at last, but there was a cloud upon her brow as she pressed her rescued son to her heart.

But, ere a month had gone, Rosel found she had other foes besides the Spaniard.

The wily Duke of Cleves claimed the Tower; garrisoned as it was by his men-at-arms, it fell like a ripe pear into his hands.

Who dared dispute with the powerful Duke of Cleves? One man alone. In Alva's camp, Rosel sought the Spanish Vulture. Ere six suns had set, De Villa's lances once more gleamed around Detmold's castle; ere six more had run their course, the banner, bearing the naked arm and brandished steel, floated from the topmost tower.

Once again, the Spaniard won the castle, and with the victory, won a treasure more precious far than lordly tower or Flemish acres, the love of Rosel of Detmold.

No captain, French or Fleming, dared to

attack the tower protected by the good sword of the Spanish Vulture.

Raymond led Louise to an alcoved window that looked out upon the ocean.

Her followers mingled with the Spaniards.

"And yet, instead of respect, I have won

nothing but hatred," said Raymond, con-

tinuing the conversation. "All Flanders calls me the Spanish Vulture."

"You are a stranger holding a Flemish

tower; within these walls is a helpless

child, whose father you have slain; in

Guelders, weeps a woman whose husband

perished by your sword." There was a

strange expression upon the lady's face as she spoke.

"Lady, it was in fair fight, my foes four

to one; but, as I am a living man, I swear

to you I had known that Daniël of Detmold

righted to that leading to this tower. Even now

A curious little smile flitted over those Cupid-bowed lips—a smile so like a sneer that, for the instant it lasted, you would have called Addie Gresham a horribly wicked woman.

Then the matchless violet eyes closed partly, and she leaned back against the bamboo chair.

"Certainly not a very cordial invitation from my charming sister, Mrs. Forrester. Perhaps a more sensitive soul would shrink from accepting the hospitality so coolly offered by Mistress May, and so warmly insisted upon her by her handsome, gallant husband! Thank my presiding genius, I'm not sensitive."

She was looking dreamily out over the quiet country landscape; green fields and waving grasses; gently-swaying trees, and a cloudless sky. She could hear, near by her shady window, the low, soft twittering of birds; further off, the dim, nameless noises of honest, busy toil. Altogether, that perfect, breezy June afternoon should have brought all womanly, serious thoughts to Addie Gresham's heart; but she slowly, gracefully arose from the contemplation of the quiet, picturesque landscape, with a hard glint in her eyes.

"Sometimes I am weary almost to death of such a life; so that I forget—ah! one thing I never will forget, May Gresham Forrester! that you try to patronize me, the poor sister, because you succeeded in winning Guy Forrester from me, who would have enjoyed his wealth, instead of being asked to 'stay a month'! I'll not forget that, sister mine, nor shall you!"

She went on down the stairs, so calm and emotionless you never would have believed she was a woman of such passion as her solitary moments betrayed. She had her will, her feelings, her very features, under such perfect command that the sight of a sheeted ghost could not have thrown her into an alarm, or an expression of it; much less, then, the certainly very unexpected sight of Stuart Sydney, who came out of the homely little parlor as she passed the door.

He laid both hands on her shoulders.

"Addie, my own—am I less welcome because I came unsummoned to hear the answer from you that will make me the proudest man living?"

She suffered a bright smile to shine from her wondrous eyes, and her lips parted in a welcome.

"I am always glad to see you, Stuart. I think you know that."

She was so cool; he so impassioned.

"But tell me, do tell me, Addie, the words I am starving to hear. Are you going to be my wife? Won't you, Addie?"

Her eyes had gone wandering through the open front door again, and she was thinking something dreadful; yet her mouth was so sweetly set, her face so quiet in its perfect womanliness of expression, that you never would have dreamed she was measuring the two men—this Stuart Sydney, her unaccepted lover, with Guy Forrester, her only, own sister's husband.

But, she was doing that; and she decided, without a pang of conscience, that she loved Guy Forrester as she never could this other. She would go to Long Branch; they would be thrown together; she loved him so, perhaps the old—

Then she turned to Sydney, and raised her eyes to his eager face.

"You have come too soon, Stuart. I promised you my decision the first of July; I am not prepared to give it, and it will be better—perhaps for you—if you let me have till the first of August to think it over."

"Oh, Addie!"

His words expressed a volume of surprise and disappointment.

"I am going to my sister May for the month; at Long Branch, you remember, they have their cottage. You can come to me on the first of August, or I will write to you."

He was fain to be content with her, because she was determined, because he loved her.

And Addie Gresham packed her two trunks, and went to Long Branch—to make Guy Forrester a false man to his wife.

A petite, pretty woman, with violet eyes, like her sister Addie's, only that a tender love-light shone in them; great masses of burnished golden hair; that was what you saw first and admired in little Mrs. Guy Forrester.

She had just made her toilette for the evening, that was to be a quiet one at home—there had been so few since Addie came—and very charmingly she looked in her blue and white summer silk, with the waxen camelia in her braids; even the handsome, thoughtful, yet, withal, loving husband of hers admired her as he looked at her in the toilette glass, while he was adjusting a jaunty little lavender silk the sister Addie had made him that afternoon.

Mrs. Forrester was sitting by the window, looking out over the expanse of mighty waters; a flooding sorrow in her eyes, and yet the faintest vestige of a frown on her forehead. Then she sighed.

"What's the matter, May, petite?"

It was a cheery, kind voice Guy had.

"Shall I tell you?"

"Didn't I ask you?"

He laughed to her in the glass.

"It's Addie! Oh, Guy, if she only would let you alone, I just knew how it would be!"

"How what would be?"

His face was stern and just a trifle guilty.

"Why the rides, and the bathing, and the promenades on the beach—in the moonlight, too—and I at home alone! Guy, I tell you, I'm jealous, and Addie Gresham shall go home, if she is my sister."

And the little wife grew flushed and tearful in her righteous indignation.

"But, surely, I must show courteous attention to your guest and sister—"

"And your old betrothed! But not without me, Guy! Indeed, you don't know how you—hurt—me!"

Then the gust of tears came, that had been accumulating during the three weeks of torture she had undergone.

And Guy, not without a flush of shame, reproved her harshly, and went down to see if Addie was ready for a drive down the beach behind his dashing grays.

"May has a headache, I suppose—her face is red, anyhow. Let me help you in, Addie."

And off they went, the keen, strong sea breeze bringing delicious roses to Addie's cheeks.

"I am going home on Saturday, Guy: May told you?"

"What? So soon? Addie, there's no need of that; there's plenty of room at the cottage."

"I know that, Guy; but May wants to get rid of me."

She spoke in her own peculiarly confidential tone, that in those old, old times had sent such thrills to this man's heart. And it was the same now; and she knew it.

"May hates me, Guy; but do you think she can feel as I feel?—she, the winner, I—the—the—the—"

She swallowed the sob that was coming; it was a masterpiece of acting; and then the tears rushed to her eyes. She dashed them off with her laced handkerchief.

"Addie—do not—I beg! Consent to stay longer with us—with me, Addie."

His conscience was suddenly smothered; he forgot that girl-wife weeping at home; he only remembered he was beside this woman, as beautiful as a Clytie, whose love had once been his dream.

He laid his hand on hers; both were throbbing wildly.

"With you, Guy? If I only could be with you forever—without her."

It was a bold stroke, and her heart suffocated her as she murmured the low, passionate words. Like a revelation of light her emphasis struck him.

"Your gig is alongside, sir," reported the second mate, shortly afterward.

Miss Carleton came out of her berth, tastefully arrayed in a croquet jacket and jockey-hat, looking bewitchingly beautiful, the salutiferous sea-brezzes having already restored the roses to her cheeks.

"I'm all ready, captain," she said.

I handed her down the gangway ladder and carefully encircled her in the sternsheets of my pretty boat, which was a long six-oared gig that I had caused to be fitted with two lateen sails—the Chinese rig—so that I could easily handle her, even in a squall, without any assistance.

A cool, fresh breeze was blowing through the narrow channel that separates Kowlung-sea from the island of Amoy and forms the harbor of that port, and as it distended the snowy sails of my swift-gilding craft she bounded over the scintillant surges, flinging from her bows showers of sun-jeweled spray as she merrily clove the white-crested waves asunder. I had to tack over in the channel, in order to clear Kowlung-sea, after that we sailed down toward the Brother's Islands with a leading wind. Carrie was in ecstasies, and her laugh ringing merrily as marriage-bells across the smiling sea.

"Would you like to go right beyond the Chaw-chats and obtain a glimpse of Chapel Island? We can clean the reef on that tack and run back with a fair wind," I said, aping to my pretty companion.

"Oh, yes, please, captain! This is so much nicer than stowing aboard the steamer, for without wishing to say anything in disparagement of her, an odor of engine grease always pervades her," she replied.

I sailed the gig carefully past the dangerous Chaw-Chat reef, and then, knowing no danger lay before us, abandoned myself to the pleasant pastime of conversing upon things in general with my erudite and entertaining enslaver.

"Why, where's all the wind gone to?" cried Carrie, suddenly.

I had been paying so much attention to the young lady and so little to my duty as helmsman that I never noticed that the breeze was dying rapidly away, until Miss Carleton drew my attention to the shivering sails, and then I saw, too, to my dismay, that the breeze had waned utterly away, and dark, angry clouds were rising above the northern horizon.

"Can you pull an oar, Carrie?" I had long since dropped the conventional "Miss."

"Of course I can! Papa taught me to row on the Hudson years ago," she replied.

"Well, try your hand now; but do not over-exert yourself. I am afraid my carelessness and your consideration has got us into a little scrape. I ought to have looked out for the wind failing, knowing we had no hands with us to row us back to the steamer."

I lowered the lateen sails upon the thwarts, Carrie took stroke-oar, and I number five, and we pulled for a short distance steadily enough. But the young lady's strength soon gave out, and I abandoned the idea of being able to reach port without wind, so re-hoisted the sails and stoically awaited the advent of a breeze.

The clouds to the northward rose higher and higher, dark-purple masses, arched in the center—a sure prognostication of a heavy blow—and my anxiety momentarily increased.

Mentally, I cursed my folly in having ventured so far out to sea without a crew, and incurred for my invalid passenger the risk of getting drenched, if nothing worse.

Suddenly a vivid flash of electric light illumined the center of the cloud-bank, and a few seconds subsequently large drops of rain came patterning down.

"We're in for it, Carrie," I cried, in a cheerful tone as I could assume.

"I don't mind getting a little wet; I feel quite safe with you," she replied.

I guessed what was coming, and determined to be prepared for it. Quickly as possible, I lowered the sails, close-reefed them both—an easy operation with the Chinese rig—and hoisted two cloths of the foresail only. I was not a moment too soon, for hardly had I hitched the halyards when a gust swept so fiercely down that it caused the boat to career violently, and sent the spray hissing over the surface of the east-white pulseless sea. By my directions, Carrie pulled a single cloth of the mainsail, and I tried to keep the light craft head to sea; but the violence of the gale so rapidly increased that I had to abandon the attempt as too perilous, and was necessitated to follow the only other course open, which was to run before the uprisings of the wind.

Down in blinding torrents poured the rain, hissing and seething like molten lead, as it fell into the white-crested waves that foamed and tossed about our fragile bark, threatening it with destruction, us with death.

Forked flames flashed over us, the loud peals of "heaven's dread artillery" deafened us, and the noise of the bursting surges, mingling with the howling of the wind, seemed to chant a dirge over my darling, who, half-paralyzed with fear, crouched close beside me, trembling and pale.

I put my hand into the locker and drew forth a bottle of cognac, off which I knocked the neck ere I proffered it to Carrie. She, by pantomime, for our voices were drowned in the din of the warring elements, refused it; but, afterward, took a mouthful of the potent spirit, doubtless surmising that I had good reasons for wishing her to imbibe it. I drank a small quantity myself, and then awaited the coming of the end, for I knew that we were driving directly ashore.

The weather, though fine, was very sultry, so Carrie did not care to go ashore at Swatow, where nothing worthy of observation was to be found; but, on arriving at Amoy, I stole a few hours from ship's duty and accompanied her on a tour of inspection through the city, and a pony-ride out to the race-course near Que-moy; I had hoped, in the interest of the owners of the Golden Lily, to have obtained a "grand chop" from the custom-house authorities, permitting us to load and sail on Sunday; but, being unsuccessful, I determined to devote that day to my fair passenger, of whom I was hourly growing more enamored than ever.

"Would you like to go for a sail in my gig this afternoon, Miss Carleton?" I said, as we sat at "tiffin" in the ornate saloon.

"I should indeed, Captain Carter; but, I am sufficiently familiar with nautical mat-

ters to know that this is the sailor's day of rest, and I should not like to cheat the boaters out of their holiday," she replied.

"Well, if you are not afraid to intrust yourself solely to my care, it will not be needful for any of my men to accompany us, as I have had my gig rigged in such a manner that I can easily manage her myself," I said.

There was a comical expression in Carrie's eyes as she glanced into my face, and I felt that the little puss had partly divined the secret of my heart.

"I am sure to be safe wherever I go with you, captain, and I should like a sail exceedingly," she demurely replied.

"Well, the second mate to get my gig ready, the masts stepped and the sails in trim, Mr. Fenwick," I said, addressing the chief officer, as we arose from the table; and steward, put some claret, biscuits and fruit in the locker of the boat, for sea air is appetizing and always makes me thirsty," I added, turning to an almond-eyed celestial who presided over the Golden Lily's *cuisine*.

"Your gig is alongside, sir," reported the second mate, shortly afterward.

Miss Carleton came out of her berth, tastefully arrayed in a croquet jacket and jockey-hat, looking bewitchingly beautiful, the salutiferous sea-brezzes having already restored the roses to her cheeks.

"I'm all ready, captain," she said.

I handed her down the gangway ladder and carefully encircled her in the sternsheets of my pretty boat, which was a long six-oared gig that I had caused to be fitted with two lateen sails—the Chinese rig—so that I could easily handle her, even in a squall, without any assistance.

She was a woman of such passion as her solitary moments betrayed. She had her will, her feelings, her very features, under such perfect command that the sight of a sheeted ghost could not have thrown her into an alarm, or an expression of it; much less, then, the certainly very unexpected sight of Stuart Sydney, who came out of the homely little parlor as she passed the door.

He laid both hands on her shoulders.

"Addie, my own—am I less welcome because I came unsummoned to hear the answer from you that will make me the proudest man living?"

She suffered a bright smile to shine from her wondrous eyes, and her lips parted in a welcome.

"I am always glad to see you, Stuart. I think you know that."

She was so cool; he so impassioned.

"But tell me, do tell me, Addie, the words I am starving to hear. Are you going to be my wife? Won't you, Addie?"

Her eyes had gone wandering through the open front door again, and she was thinking something dreadful; yet her mouth was so sweetly set, her face so quiet in its perfect womanliness of expression, that you never would have dreamed she was measuring the two men—this Stuart Sydney, her unaccepted lover, with Guy Forrester, her only, own sister's husband.

But, she was doing that; and she decided, without a pang of conscience, that she loved Guy Forrester as she never could this other. She would go to Long Branch; they would be thrown together; she loved him so, perhaps the old—

Then she turned to Sydney, and raised her eyes to his eager face.

"You have come too soon, Stuart. I promised you my decision the first of July; I am not prepared to give it, and it will be better—perhaps for you—if you let me have till the first of August to think it over."

"Oh, Addie!"

His words expressed a volume of surprise and disappointment.

"I am going to my sister May for the month; at Long Branch, you remember, they have their cottage. You can come to me on the first of August, or I will write to you."

He was fain to be content with her, because she was determined, because he loved her.

And Addie Gresham packed her two trunks, and went to Long Branch—to make Guy Forrester a false man to his wife.

A petite, pretty woman, with violet eyes, like her sister Addie's, only that a tender love-light shone in them; great masses of burnished golden hair; that was what you saw first and admired in little Mrs. Guy Forrester.

She had just made her toilette for the evening, that was to be a quiet one at home—there had been so few since Addie came—and very charmingly she looked in her blue and white summer silk, with the waxen camelia in her braids; even the handsome, thoughtful, yet, withal, loving husband of hers admired her as he looked at her in the toilette glass, while he was adjusting a jaunty little lavender silk the sister Addie had made him that afternoon.

Carrie was one of the acknowledged belles of Victoria, and a prettier or nicer girl would have been difficult to discover anywhere.

She had just attained her twentieth year and was blooming into a most beautiful woman. She was tall, well-proportioned and

# SATURDAY JOURNAL

7

defense. Kenewa and six picked warriors crawled in the direction of the ambuscade.

About ten warriors had collected in a small thicket. It was they who had taken such fatal aim.

These the Rattlesnake determined to dislodge at all events. The Huron chief, who, with all his allies, was determined to die rather than fall into the hands of the enemy, resolved to make the Shawnees win victory dearly.

In a few minutes the rifles spoke from the corner, and the two parties were engaged. The Shawnees were surprised, but not disheartened. They began to retreat, but Kenewa, darting from tree to tree, pressed close upon them.

The retreat became a rout.

But a rout very nearly fatal to Kenewa; for the sound of muskets and rifles brought reinforcements, and ere long the Hurons doggedly and determinedly retreated before the overwhelming force.

When he regained the open glade the scene was one to dishearten any chief.

Men were firing as fast as they could load, but many were wounded, some were dead, and everywhere the Shawnees were closing up around them.

With a bound like that of a panther, Kenewa leaped into their midst, and gave the defiant war-whoop of his tribe, which was responded to by his people with a vigor and animation that showed how little they had lost of determination with their blood, which ran like water.

But louder, indeed, was the yell that came from the other side—enough to have appalled men less accustomed to such fearful sounds, which, to Roland, excited as he was, appeared to emanate from Pandemonium.

Again the combat was renewed. But there was one result patent to all. The chances were every minute more and more unfavorable to the Hurons.

The outlying Avengers were driven in. The whole party were collected together to do or die.

The older men among the wounded began some of the wild chants of their race, grim and ghastly, from the very hideousness of their sounds.

Roland and Kenewa exchanged glances. They were behind the same tree, whence they could see the whole battle-field.

"My friend," said the young captain of the Backwood Avengers, "all is being done, all has been done, that man can do, but fate is against us. What say you?"

"Ere the moon rises our scalps will wave before the tents of Theanderigo and Carcajou."

Roland took his hand.

"My brave friend, 'tis I who have brought you and your tribe to this. Would that we had never met!"

"There is no fault on the side of my brother. Brave men, like all others, must die. Our hour is come."

"But we will not die unavenged," said Roland, in a hollow tone, as he aimed at Carcajou, at that moment incautiously exposing himself.

"Hiss—stop!" whispered Kenewa.

The Rattlesnake stood erect, his head slightly on one side, his two fingers raised for silence.

Then he gave a whispered order in a dialect which, as sacred, was known only to the warriors of his tribe.

A moment later an artifice was resorted to common among all red-skins, and yet which, if executed promptly, generally has the same result.

Every man whirled round his own tree. The temptation was too great. Nearly every Shawnee emptied his rifle at the dark, swarthy forms.

Then there was a terrible clangor, a fearful storm of yells from the Hurons, and—

One hundred and fifty warriors burst upon the wind-yawn, driving the Shawnees before them on every side, with scarcely the loss of a man!

The reinforcement had arrived! With this successful dash against the Shawnees the combat for the moment ceased, and had the enemy known the utter prostration and fatigue from which the warriors had suffered, they might have been tempted to make a more determined stand.

The reinforcement under Red Jacket had left their horses behind them, and hearing the tremendous volleys in the forest, had rushed, as the crow flies, to the assistance of their comrades.

They now halted, victorious, as they rested upon the battle-field.

Some of the best runners were now sent forward, who speedily returned with the news that the Shawnees were collected on the side of a hill at no great distance, where, in company with the Bandits of the Scioto, they were preparing for a murderous contest.

That the Hurons did not follow up their victory probably astonished them, but most likely they guessed the reason.

The warriors were now all seated on the grass, quietly eating dried maize and jerked beef, as if no enemy had been within miles. This refreshment was a duty, as all were fatigued, and many of them wounded.

The dead were decently covered up with bushes, until the strife was decided, when they would receive proper burial or be given to the ravens, as the fortune of war turned for or against them.

An hour passed, and any white stranger journeying through the woods, where the sparrows twittered among the stunted bushes and the grasshopper sung in the grass, would indeed have been startled to enter within the precincts of the camp, where lay some hundred and fifty dusky and other forms, as if in their last sleep.

The Indians had imposed upon them one hour's strict repose, and not one of them, even the most impatient, would have ventured to move during that period.

The whites, from policy, as well as from fatique, imitated their example.

Suddenly Kenewa rose. A low murmur passed round the throng, and the hundred and fifty warriors stood erect and firm to their guns, eager and burning for the fray.

The orders to march were given silently.

The Indians were now commanded by Indians. Roland, with the whole of his Backwood Avengers, except Steve, kept close to Kenewa, covering him more than he was aware of by their rifles.

They knew where the enemy were, and, with a desire to obtain the first shot, advanced with extreme caution until they were within point-blank shot of one another.

The Hurons now crawled like snakes in the long grass.

Captain Roland now collected his men in a thicket, and succumbing in this conflict to Indian habits, placed them where they could see without being seen.

Now began one of those combats almost impossible to be described, as each man fights on "his own hook." In ordinary warfare, where armies meet armies, the adversaries face one another; and if slaughtered wholesale, valor, discipline, and bottom win the day.

In this contest no man saw his enemy, but only a bit of him—such as an arm, a foot, or a protuberant hind-quarter; while others were obliged to direct their aim by the little wreaths of white smoke that gracefully curled up from the guns.

To all appearance, such a conflict was but a desultory and futile discharge of guns; but had it been more closely examined into, it would have been seen that the result was deadly.

The Hurons were now advancing. Now a tree was gained, now a bush, now a hillock, proclaiming that victory was leaning to the side of the Avengers.

The latter advanced in the center of the line, obeying, as one man, the directions of Kenewa, through the mouth of Roland, who in all things watched the General.

Presently, however, as the ground became more even, the combat appeared to be getting more equal. The warriors were nearer one to the other, and the volleys seemed more regular and murderous; while the war-whoop, the taunt, the bitter laugh, rose from both sides.

Each party was trying to make the other rise and charge, in which case the one which reserved its fire would have the better chance.

But for some time no provocation could draw one from cover.

This could not last; and presently a general volley was given, after which the whole yelling body of Indians—Shawnee and Huron—rushed headlong at one another, armed with knife and tomahawk.

The Bandits of the Scioto stood aloof, picking off the Hurons with merciless aim.

Roland, who had been about to rush on, took caution from his worst foes, and bade his Avengers pick off the leading warriors of the Shawnees.

"Giv tu 'em boys, and the gals is ours," shouted Tom Smith.

The conflict was now ferocious, but the sound of rifles being continually fired, and the sight of men shot down when almost in the act of slaying an enemy, soon cooled the vindictive exultation of the red-skins, who again ran to that cover from which, according to their better judgment, they could never have moved.

Night was coming on. The foes had literally fought from the rising to the setting of the sun. Scarcely a man but who was severely wounded, the blood staining the garments of all.

This, however, only aroused the worst passions of Indian nature. Each man who suffered from a cut or flesh wound only desired all the more to inflict one on his neighbor.

The hand-to-hand conflict had lasted not more than five minutes, after which the Shawnees sought cover. The Hurons killed them back to take up and load their guns, ere they once more pressed upon the fugitives.

Roland grew impatient. This prolonged contest, in which cunning and good shooting took the place of valor and discipline, had chafed his spirit; and, taking advantage of a momentary confusion, he pushed forward with the whole of his rifles, in the direction of the village, following a low run to the right, nor stopped until he had taken up a position in the rear of the Shawnees, opposite a spot they must cross in their retreat to the village.

Kenewa saw what appeared the desertion of his friend with a dry smile.

He guessed what feelings prompted him, and only regretted that his dignity as a warrior, and his forced compliance with Indian customs compelled him to act with circumspection and caution.

When Roland advanced, followed in cautious Indian file by the Backwood Avengers, who were sufficiently experienced in backwood ranging and forest fighting to take the ordinary precautions, Kenewa armed his men afresh, saw that they were loaded, and then gave the command.

They were, each man individually, to press forward, picking out an adversary; and by one price to drive the foe from the margin of the opposite thicket, where the Shawnees clung to their covers with some such obstinacy as is evinced by hunted brutes.

When, however, the Rattlesnake charged at the head of his men, the somewhat demoralized and disorganized Shawnees did not stand as might have been expected.

Now an Indian charge and one as we understand it in civilized warfare are very different things. In the one instance, men move forward, bayonet fixed and gun in hand, in a line; while Indians advance walking or running from tree to tree, inflicting as much injury and suffering as little possible.

Kenewa was compelled, though writhing with anxiety and deep feeling, to moderate his ardor, lest, obtaining a character for rashness, his followers had suddenly ceased to obey him—an event of not unfrequent occurrence in Indian warfare.

But the Rattlesnake, during his long intercourse with the whites, had not only been much humanized by association with such gentle beings as Ella and Ette, but had allowed those passions which are inherent in our nature to develop themselves far more than was consistent with Indian stoicism and a character for cunning—which is deceit—that, above all, an Indian warrior delights in.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 55.)

## Sporting Scenes.

**PREFATORY.**—The subject of hunting is one which has a peculiar interest for the people of this country. So large a portion of our territory, even in the most thickly settled States, is still covered with forest abounding in game of different varieties, that almost every citizen occasionally becomes a sportsman or a hunter; and those who never engage in sports of this kind, nevertheless, are more or less entertained by the narratives of those who have distinguished themselves in forest and field.

To such of our young readers as have never had an opportunity of engaging in such sports as are recorded in these papers, as well as to those who have seen and felt all the charms of the hunter's life, we present this series of adventures and sketches, prepared for their benefit and instruction.

The Hurons now crawled like snakes in the long grass.

THE POLAR BEAR.

Of all the carnivorous animals belonging to the family of *plantigrades*, animals supported in walking on the entire sole of the foot) the most singular is the Polar Bear.

This formidable animal occupies the icy zone, sometimes extending its excursions southward to the shores of Hudson's Bay and Labrador, and appears also on the northern coasts of Asia and Europe. Abyssinia, Syria, Tibet and Sumatra have each different species.

The Polar Bear is generally from six to eight feet long. The fur is long and white, with a tinge of yellow, which becomes darker as the animal advances in age; the ears are small and round, and the head long. He walks heavily, and appears very clumsy in his motions; but, nevertheless, he is an expert swimmer, and altogether at home when on the ice.

The following anecdote, recorded in his great size and strength, the Polar Bear is, under all circumstances, a powerful animal; but upon the ice it is peculiarly at home, and the danger of attacking him there is much greater than anywhere else.

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## ACCEPTING THE SITUATION.

BY DAVID PAULDING.

Ku-Klux be darned! You may tell 'em I say so; I fit through the war and I ought to know; I wore a gray jacket and got licked; yet, I don't bear a grudge 'g'in them Yanks, you bet! They'n stated State rights in a manner fearful to see!

And likewise put the'r kibosh on nigger slavery.

In course there's thieves prow' round at night. But then you'll find that's black as well as white. Ku-Klux! them's ther chaps that didn't dar' fight. You Yanks! Bet yer bottom dollar this coon's right. I got lied on my merits, and thought I'd subscribe, And I'd stand Rights, Slavery, and such like things.

You fellers licked us on ther squar', and I 'cept their situation.

I'm in the Union now; I 'locked' into it, by tarnation! Ef that's any gray-backs don't like this place, Let 'em emigrate. Jet'kin preach hisse'f black in ther face.

'Bout State Rights, Secession, Union as was and such stuff.

But I own up I licked, and say that I've got enough.

It's all very nice stumping ther country to raise a row.

But I'm looking for quiet; I want a little peace now.

You hev murders in New York wuss'n any I ever saw.

Yere, But, don't yer cry Ku-Klux and proclaim martial law!

Give us a show ter live on ther squar', and prosper again!

We are all in the Union now; and ther ar' is plain.

## Joel Canby's Hate.

A STORY OF "OLD KAINTUCK."

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

"Do not work so late to-day as you did yesterday, dear husband," said pretty Ellen Seymour, as her young lord kissed the occupant of the rough oaken cradle, and shoudered his keen woodman's ax. "We have plenty of land cleared now to keep us from starving, and there is no necessity for your toiling so late. Why, Edgar, the moon scaled the horizon before you returned yester eve, and I thought that you were never returning—that—that!"

"That what, Ellen?"

"That you had encountered Joel Canby," faltered the wife of a year, the color deserting her cheeks, and a nameless terror striking her heart, as she glanced fearfully toward the cradle.

"Joel Canby?" echoed the settler. "Why, Ellen, I do not believe the stories of his being about. Jake Hunter avers that he saw him with the red-skins in the Devil's Den; but it happens that Jake Hunter is a notorious liar. Dispel your fears, wife. Admitting that Joel Canby is a renegade and scoundrel, these parts, he is too big a coward to molest us. But look, Ellen, the sun is climbing the hills of the 'dark and bloody ground,' and warns me to his to the clearing. Good-by, then. Do not believe Joel Canby around until you see him."

The young wife promised obedience, and again warned her husband to return early.

Ellen Seymour knew Joel Canby better than her husband knew him. She knew him as one of the most relentless of men, who magnified fancied injuries and insults a thousand times, and avenged himself accordingly. Once, before she thought of leaving relatives and friends for the dark forests of the Kaintuck, he asked her for a love which was not hers for bestowal.

She very maidenly and promptly rejected his suit, and with close-set teeth and a cloudy brow, he walked from her presence, never uttering a word.

He was meditating a terrible vengeance. In the course of time, Ellen Ridgely became the wife of Edgar Seymour, and removed with him, and such men as Harold, Kenton and Boone, to the "dark and bloody ground."

At the period of the opening of our story, the Indians were at peace with their whiter brethren; but there was no prophesying how soon the hatchet would be unearthed, and cleave innocent heads.

When the young frontiersman's wife witnessed his departure, she bussed herself with household duties, ever and anon glancing at the image of his father, dreaming in the hewn cradle, of angel land.

An hour later, needling water, Mrs. Seymour hurried to the spring, at the opposite foot of a wooded knoll, a short distance from the cabin.

Just as the little woman disappeared to the rough structure, two stalwart Indians sprang over a brush fence near the stoop, and darted into the hut.

The foremost brave stooped over the cradle, snatched the sleeping infant, thrust beneath his robe, and both disappeared like a flash of light.

The abduction was performed while Mrs. Seymour tarried at the spring, bathing her face in the translucent liquid, and thinking not of danger to her boy at such an hour.

While she knew that Joel Canby would not hesitate to tear him from her bosom, she did not dream that the dastardly deed would be attempted in the unclouded splendor of the king of the skies.

Therefore, all unconscious of her loss was she when she filled her bucket and set out upon her return.

Depositing her burden upon a bench, the wife and mother hastened to the cradle, believing it time for its occupant to start from his slumbers.

"Robbie, dear little—" a terrible shriek followed the abrupt pause, and Ellen Seymour stared, with widely distended eyes, at the little child to his brawny breast, and uttered his faint cries beneath his robe.

Of course his sentence would be death, but still we did not care to execute it until the proper authority had arrived.

The captain, old Rube and Bill Grady had left us that morning to scout round an Indian village, for certain information. Grady had just gone in, having become separated from the others, and hearing of the capture made during his absence, gave us the benefit of the above remark.

"What kind uv turn did ther cuss do yur, Billy?" asked one of the boys.

"Why, he jes' saved my hair, *that's* what he did," was the emphatic reply. "An' dum me fur a skunk, ef ever I comes across ther chapp, ef I don't get even wi' him, too."

"I'll tell yur, boys, how it war."

"Me an' old Grizzly war down in the Wind River kentry, an' one day we got supinated while a lot uv red-skins war arter us."

"Thinkin' I hed broke ther trail, I laid up in a holler in ther rocks, an' while in ther, the imps drapped onto me, an' took me pris'ner."

"I felt powerful mean over the thing, fur it warn't nuttin' but cussed kerlessness; but ther warn't no helpin' matters, an' so I trolled along es gentle es a suckin' goat."

"They took me over to ther village across the range, an' ther night they helt a powwow es to whether I shed burn right straight

tried in vain to staunch the red current of vitality."

"I'm a goner, Nemetho," said the mangled one, looking up into the face of the Indian above him. "The panther's finished me. Take the whip that nestles near your heart, Nemetho, and train him up into the white man's terror. Teach him to hate his parents as I hate them, and—and—Nemetho, this is death!"

"Nemetho will do the Red Eagle's bidding," muttered the savage, rising to his feet. "The pale-face's papoose shall raise his hand against every white man. He shall become the Whirlwind of the Shawnees."

He hugged the babe nearer his bosom, and was in the act of darting forward, when the snapping of a twig saluted his ears, trained to hear the slightest sounds.

He turned and beheld a gliding, girlish form.

One of the dimpled hands clutched a rifle, the other was tightly clenched, and determination was written upon every lineament of the lovely face.

Instantly comprehending the situation, Nemetho stepped back to secure his dead brother's rifle, which the panther had knocked from his grasp.

The avenging mother noted his move, her husband's trusty rifle flew to her shoulder, and the hurried aim, which would have done credit to the king of marksmen, sent a bullet into the Shawnee's brain.

"My child! my child!" cried Mrs. Seymour, hurrying forward, "where is my boy?"

She stood near the prostrate men, and a look of blank despair flitted across her countenance.

"Robbie is not here!" she groaned.

"Not there? Not so."

A muffled cry struck upon the mother's ears. She tore the robe from the Indian, and clasped Robbie to her heart, frightened but unhurt.

Suddenly she glanced at the panther's victim, and the peculiar cast of the features claimed her attention.

She ventured to bend over them, and, despite the paint and Indian habiliments, she recognized Joel Canby.

"Joel Canby, you carried your hate too far," she murmured. "The vengeance of God has checked you in your sinful career. I thank Him that your blood stains not my hands."

Overjoyed in the possession of her child, she turned to the prostrate men, and, despite the paint and Indian habiliments, she recognized Joel Canby.

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